

FLYING SAUCERS FROM OUTER SPACE! PAGE 6

EAGLE

and SWIFT

23 May 1964 Vol. 15 No. 21

EVERY
WEDNESDAY 6d.



Xel, a dangerous alien from another planet, had raised the bored teenagers of London to revolt, and had made them forcibly take over the G.P.O. Tower. The jet fighter carrying Dan Dare, Digby and the Police Commissioner was forced down, but another police jet fighter was tracking the rebels...

DAN DARE
Pilot of the Future
in THE BIG CITY GAPER

KENNY WATSON

FOR A CLOSER LOOK AT THIS GREAT TOWER, SEE BACK PAGE!

DAN DARE AND DIGBY STOOD SEVEN HUNDRED FEET BELOW THE REBELS.



I DOUBT IT! XEL'S TOO CLEVER TO BE BEATEN SO EASILY!

THE BOMBS PUNCHED SMALL HOLES IN THE WINDOW'S AND GENTLY FUMED THE GAS THAT WOULD PARALYSE ANYONE WHO BREATHED IT. THE YOUNG DEFENDERS SCATTERED - BUT KEL STOOD DEFANT AND RAGING.



ON FAR AWAY STOL, XEL HAD BEEN BORN TO COMMAND, AND HERE ON EARTH, HE WAS GIVING ORDERS THAT HE KNEW WOULD BE DENIED.



SUDDENLY THAT PART OF THE CITY WAS RECONNECTED TO THE POWER SUPPLY. EVERY LIGHT BLAZED ON, EXCEPT THOSE WITHIN THE TOWER, FOR THE ENGINEERS HAD CUT THE BUILDING OUT OF THE CIRCUIT...



SHOTS SHOWERED OUT FITFULLY FROM
THE TOWER UNTIL DAWN...

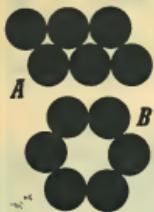


THE ADVENTURES OF DAN DARE ALSO APPEAR EVERY SUNDAY IN 'THE PEOPLE'



TO BE CONCLUDED

PUZZLE CORNER



SIX PENNY POSER

Arrange six pennies to form a pattern like diagram (A). The pennies must touch as shown. Now your problem is to move three coins and, by doing so, finish with a pattern like diagram (B). However, you must move only one coin at the end of every move. The coin you shift must touch any two other pennies.

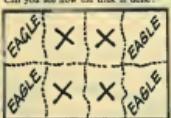
MAD MATHS

How can this quaint sum possibly be correct? Study it all ways - and see.

$$\begin{array}{r}
 340+ \\
 3414 \\
 340 \\
 \hline
 74813 \\
 \hline
 43373414
 \end{array}$$

FINGER VISION

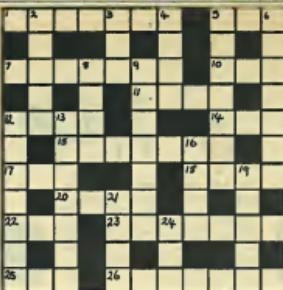
Jonathan enjoys doing "magic" tricks and he tells his friends that he can ice with his fingers. So, one day, he does, but when he wears LEADERS and draws a cross over them each on a postcard. Then he asks his friends to guess what is on his fingers, after which he removes the postcards and shows them the "cross" BEFORE puffing out a fragment of card which he has never taken a look at. Can you see how he tries to do it?



ODD ANGLE

What is it?

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

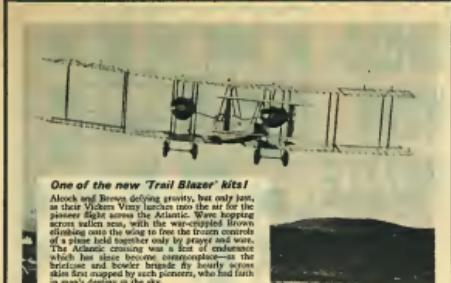


ACROSS

- The capital of this country is Reykjavik (7).
- Not lean (3).
- A man's in' (anagram). Second World War battle (7).
- Neither has nor light for us without this (3).
- Undiluted - also means tidy (4).
- It needs deciphering (4).
- Make a mistake in "terroir" (3).
- Printed letters that slope (7).
17. Shakes of 'Coronation Street' (3).
18. Tiny bit of matter (4).
19. Long pole supporting sails (4).
20. A — faced person is insincere (3).
21. Allowance for retired people (7).
22. Spare the — and spoil the child! (7).
23. Pilot of the future! (3, 4).
24. She lives in a convent (3).

ROY GETS A ROCKET FROM CAPTAIN BENTON D.F.C.

Senior Captain B.E.A.



One of the new "Trail Blazer" kits!

Aloock and Brown defying gravity, but only just, as their Victoria Vimy dashes into the air for the pioneer flight across the Atlantic. Wave hopping across swollen seas, with the war-crippled Brown climbing onto the wing to free the frozen controls of a plane held together only by prayer and woe. The Atlantic crossing is a flight of faith, which has since become commonplace—as the biplane and biester biplane fly headily across skies first mapped by such pioneers, who had faith in man's destiny in the sky.

The plane that wrote *endurance*
in the skies—the Vickers Vimy,
brought to life for you by FROG. Only 6/-

Accurate down to the 1919 flying jackets
The technical knowledge used in the design of Frog kits is of the same high standard achieved by the designers of the original aircraft. Consider the trouble Frog take over accuracy. Before they start, Frog consult Ministries, museums, experts, sometimes even the men who flew or fought in the original machine. Frog make 30 sheets of drawings before they start work on the moulds. Frog take fantastic care in making the moulds—accuracy is to 1/10,000th of an inch.

Frog kit designers and draughtsmen regularly visit aircraft factories to study production and design techniques. Although Frog kits are highly accurate (right down to the last button on the pilot's jacket), they are very easy to make. Each set of instructions is specially tested on non-experts! They have an easy-to-follow plan with numbered parts and the painting guide on the box is in the true aircraft colours. See the whole marvellous range of models in the Frog catalogue at any toy shop, only 1s.

Jim Clark says -

There's an aspect of slot car racing that's exciting to us all—SCALARIC. All the cars are exact scale copies and you can break, drift, accelerate and control their speed over every inch of the circuit as though you were there! Complete slot cars from 7611 and there's a whole range of bridges, buildings and equipment for adding to your racing system. Ask for the new Scalaric catalog—see back.

FROM
79/1
From Stores
and Distributors



EROD

CONSTRUCTION KITS. Created from official blueprints. From 2/-.

JOHNNY FROG in The Secret Weapon

Johnny Frog and Lieutenant Alain Yeo, R.N., were sent with three miners in an old firebox to strew mines outside Boulogne harbour, where Napoleon's invasion fleet was anchored. The operation was a success, and from the shore they watched the burning mines which havoc among the anchored vessels...



NEXT WEEK: THE FIGHT ON THE CLIFF!

the LAST ride

PART TWO

HORIZON UNLIMITED

THE sedan slewed viciously across the road, both offside tyres ripped open by bullets. The tyres screamed louder than the whine of the bullets and the smashing of glass.

Then Kidd held the wheel against the skid, not trying to fight it. He could see nothing, anyway. He was crunched down behind the steering wheel, broken glass from the windscreen hitting the back of his neck and Sam Shumrock Kelly's hard little body jammed against his.

There were bushes on the verges of the road. The sedans tore through them, out of control, wheels hurtling, swaying and ploughed across a downward slope of grass before it heeled over in a second clump of bushes and stopped.

Sam's fingers must have wrenched open the steering gear as the car heeled, because the three of them shot out in a heap and fell in a tangle of arms and legs ten yards down the steep slope.

The guns had stopped by that time. The three of them lay very still, held against each other, breathing heavily through open mouths, scared to make a sound in the uncanny silence which trapped them.

The silence was broken suddenly by a muted thud and roar. The sound's period took up most of the noise of the guns. The roar was loud enough to cover Theos as he dragged himself out of the bundle of limbs and crawled forward to the gap they had made in the bushes.

Sam sat up in the dark. "He said, in a harsh whisper, "What gives, kid?"

"I can only see the sedan. It's blazing up there. Whoever loosed off those guns will be coming down to see whether they got us."

Sam took a deep, painful breath. "Yes, then they'll be coming after us again. But what gives with them? What did we do to get shot-up like that?"

"Don't make me think, kid," Theos said. "Maybe you ought to ask our passenger."

They both turned their heads. Shumrock Kelly was sitting hunched up in the tangle of undergrowth a couple of yards

below them. He seemed to be all right. He was chuckling all over his gaunt little face.

Sam mouthed at him fiercely. The old man nodded happily. He even winked at them before he got on his knees and crawled up towards them. He was still coming when the men with the guns suddenly appeared above.

THESE were four men. They circled warily around the blazing car, their Tommy-guns held loosely at their sides. Their faces were keen, tough-looking. The fourth was fat and slow. He looked like an old man.

Theo watched the men for a moment. They were taking their time and the car was still burning furiously enough to cover his voice.

He whispered, not turning his head: "Do you recognize any of them, Kelly?"

The fat man? Is he the friend who invited you here?"

"Sure, he's my friend," Shumrock Kelly whispered. "Oh, sure, some friend."

"Who is he, then?"

"Name of Milano. Tony Milano."

"You mean . . . ?"

"I told you about him, remember? He had the next territory to mine. His mob and mine were always gunning for each other. We never did settle where his territory ended and mine began. I remember . . ."

"There's not much time, Kelly. Do you remember to say Milano invited you here to kill you?"

"I figured he might, when that punk of his met me in St. John's. Sure has a long, long way to go, the Wop."

"And yet you accepted the invitation?"

Theo whispered. "Knowing he might try to shoot you up?"

He had turned his head to look at Shumrock Kelly. The ex-gangster was grinning. It was a wide, fat, happy grin.

"But, sure, I told you I wanted to come home," he said.

Sam's elbow gouged Theo in the ribs.

Theo turned his head sharply. The blaze

had died down and the three men were turning away from the blackened ribs of the sedan. They must have discovered it was empty.

The fat man waved his gun loosely. The other three men stood behind him, the sedan held low. One of them headed straight down through the bushes towards Theo and Sam and Shumrock Kelly.

Theo said harshly, under his breath: "Back, both of you. I'll take him."

"But, kid . . . ?"

"We'll take his gun," Theo said. "Get back, Sam."

He hunched himself against the ground, thighs underneath his head. He heard the whisper of leaves. Sam and Shumrock Kelly had gone off. He heard the faint, the lean man brushing down the slope towards the bush he was hidden under.

The timing had to be just right. He would have perhaps two seconds to disable the man before the reflex action tightened his fingers on the trigger.

As the man's hand passed the bush above his head, he grabbed for the Tommy-gun with one hand and chopped the other savagely behind the knee joint of the man's left leg.

The gun came away in Theo's hand. The man gritted with pain and dropped. He had a thin little mouth wide open to scream when Theo chopped him again, rather untidily, across the windpipe.

THEO straightened up with the gun. He was still breathing, pulled the leaves away from his half-buried face so that he could go on shooting so, and then straightened himself through the bushes to Sam and Shumrock Kelly.

He said: "We'll work down the slope. Come on." He said it so quietly and sharply that neither of them argued.

They had made too much noise going down through the bushes, because one of the men on the slope above shouted. Bodies crashed through the undergrowth, coming running after them fast.

Theo got up and ran, took one stride downards, and found himself at the bush at the top of an open, grassy slope that fell a couple of hundred yards to the riverbank below. There was a boat house at the water's edge.

"We'll have to wait for the boat-house, Run, both of you. If those men spot us here, we've made it, I'll cover you with the gun."

Both Sam and Shumrock Kelly started to move then. Theo said: "Shut up. I've got you. Get going."

There was Sam, had his arm around Shumrock Kelly's little body, half-carrying him. The blood was pumping so hard in Theo's ears that he heard nothing of the man's process down the slope.

He heard the sound of the Tommy-gun, though. He was twenty yards from the boat house and he dropped fast as the bullets lashed over his head.

He turned and aimed his own gun high over the two men who had just burst from the bushes at the top of the slope. The gun squirmed in his hands as he put a long, ragged burst up and down.

The two men ran and dropped. They were already writhing backwards. Theo had a door open in the boat-house wall ten yards behind him and Sam's voice shouting urgently: "We've made it, kid. Hurry it up, for Pete's sake."

THEO took a chance. He fired a second burst high up the slope and thrust to his feet and ran. The guns opened on him five seconds later, the roar of the bushes. Sam and Shumrock Kelly had the door and the bullets only ploughed into the thick woodwork at his back.

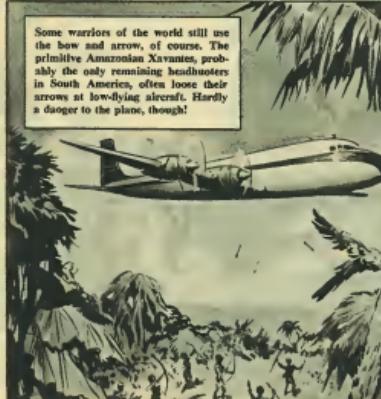
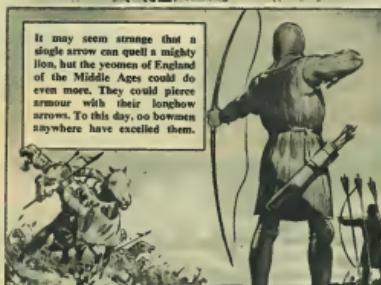
The boat-house was one big, bare room with the carcasses of boats hanging from the ceiling. At the far end it was open to the river; the water shifted against an empty slipway there.

There were two windows facing the grassy slope and the glass of both of them was shattered out. The Tommy-guns at Theo looked at them. Suddenly, the gassy sound of a marine engine swelled from the river.

"Launch!" Theo said. "The launch

Continued on page 17

ROVING REPORTER



NEXT WEEK: DIVING FOR PEARLS!

HEROS the SPARTAN



NEXT WEEK: THE EVIL VYAH'S LAST GAMBLE!

British Olympic Hopes

3. BRIAN PHELPS

Brian Phelps's diving career really started when he was 9. Getting in his dad's way, he was packed off to London's Ironmonger Road Baths.

Although no great shakes as a diver, little Brian tried a few attempts at the swallow dive off the 10-foot springboard. Unknown to him, he was being watched by Wally Ormer, a member of the Highgate Diving Club which was on the look-out for likely talent.

The result was that Wally became Brian's coach and has been largely responsible for Brian's triumphs during his short career.

As Brian learnt about diving, so did Wally. Ormer learns about coaching technique, because Britain is still miles behind the Americans in diving teaching. Below, Wally Ormer advises Brian on a technical point during one of their evening training sessions, held six nights a week in London.

Right now, Brian has a real fight on his hands. A knee injury is not only holding up his training, but has also caused him to lose his place in the Olympic 'possibles' list.

But knowing Brian's tenacity, be sure that when Tokyo comes around, Brian will be there, diving for a British 'gold'.



FOR THE RECORD

Diving's score mean little, as weather and conditions can affect them so much, so no records can be made at diving.

Brian Phelps's greatest success was when he won the 1962 European Diving Championships at the European Games at Liverpool at the age of 14, and retained that title in 1962, and gained a bronze medal at the Rome 1960 Olympics in the Highboard event.

Shortly after the 1962 European Games, Brian, who trained in Australia, won both the diving events in the Empire Games.

This was the dive, an inward 2½ somersault, which virtually won the European title for Brian at the 1962 Championships at Leipzig. He must have made 2½ somersaults in the 1½ seconds it takes to fall 32 feet, hitting the water at about 32 m.p.h.



SPORTING TALK BY EX-PRO

TIME was when table tennis players put away their bats for the summer and turned their attention exclusively to outdoor sports.

But since the Holiday Camps got 'with it', and started to provide playing facilities second to none, the summer months have become a vital preparation period in the grooming of would-be table tennis champions.

At Holiday Camps throughout Great Britain from May until September, many thousands of boys and girls will be graduating from kitchen table ping-pong to the real thing under the watchful eyes of now-famous coaches who stand behind in the same way.

And from these novice will emerge the EAGLE/GIRL, Junior, English, and possibly even the European and World Champions of tomorrow.

This time last year, few people had heard of a 15-year-old Barnsley, Yorkshire, schoolboy named Alan Hydes. But in September, his elegant, left-handed stroke play was spotted in the Finals of a National Holiday Camp Competition, and Alan was chosen 'Top Boy of the Year', an award based solely on promise, rather than actual play results.

Alan started to be selected in this month, that is, in October, making a début with Yorkshire Juniors, winning the Yorkshire Junior Closed and Open titles, and then making a further unbroken début for the Yorkshire Senior second team.

Seven days after his 15th birthday, he won

ALAN HYDES SEEKS TO BRIDGE THAT GAP!

his first England Junior badge and, together with such former EAGLE/GIRL champions as Pat Daunty and Alan Robinson, shared in an exciting 4-4 victory over West Germany. He gained further England honours the following month.

March 23rd saw the culmination of Alan's

youthful ambitions when, before a large audience at Wembley Town Hall, and millions of unseen television viewers, he followed in the footsteps of Chester Barnes, the current English champion, by winning the EAGLE Senior Championship of Great Britain.

What are Brian's chances of a gold in Tokyo? Well, just a year ago, he and Wally Ormer decided that Brian's take-off, the all-important part of the dive, was wrong. They studied how the Americans did their take-off - and started to learn it all over again. It is the only way to master the Americans, they say. Will they do it? We must wait for the Olympics.

TIPS FROM THE TOP



These shots, taken during Brian's training, show why he is champion of Europe and the Empire - his practice dives are as perfect as his competition ones.

Note the hands and feet perfectly straight; style counts for so much. Brian's advice to young divers is to perfect simple dives before attempting anything difficult, and ask your pal to watch your entry, as he can see faults that you don't realize are there.

OLYMPIC DANGERMAN

Says coach Wally Ormer: "In diving, you have to respect the American competitors, no matter who they are. That's how strong they are." But Bob Webster, of America, winner of the 1960 Olympic Games Highboard Diving gold medal, must be the man to fear most.



There will be no stopping Alan now, and this summer will find him hard at practice for the coming season, when he hopes to bridge that big gap between junior and senior success.

It is a gap that all you sports-minded youngsters must at some time, fill, one that will take time, patience, effort and time, because, as you grow in physical stature, you must adjust your strokes accordingly.

TOP RANKING PLAYERS

This is an important summer, too, for the likes of Chester Barnes and Britain's other players who have already begun to top international ranks, for it precedes a season in which both the European and World Championships are to be staged.

Chester Barnes, Co. Limerick, is the one who must add points to their game to keep in the running against such new European masters as Dorin Giugnica (of Rumania) and Jean Pazzati and Peter Rossas (Hungary), who took the titles at the English Open last April, not to mention the English and Japanese World champions.

Already that little white celluloid ball is well on its way to faster and faster speeds, and with it, faster strokes. Somewhere, our players must find still greater speed, even dizzier spins, accuracy, consistency and absolute confidence - and all this they will be seeking in long practice sessions.

KEEP IN TRAINING!

with a Frido ball

Think of your favourite footballer, and you can be pretty sure that he and his team train with Frido Balls. Most of the top men do. Frido Sports and Games balls are made from tough, hard wearing

Vinyl that gives them plenty of kick! Go to your favourite sports shop and ask them about Frido Balls, priced from as little as 2/11d. Improve your game - keep in training with a Frido Ball.



1 FRIDOMASTER, SIZE 5
Regulation size 5.
Weight app. 12 ozs.
Ball is supplied in a polythene bag
and includes an adapter.
Colours: Black & Brown.
Prices: Size 5-10/-
also Size 4-8/-.

2 FRIDO CONTINENTAL, 9"
Weight app. 8 ozs.
Supplied in a polythene bag.
Price: 6/-.



3 FRIDO RUGBY BALL
SIZE 5
Regulation size 5.
Weight app. 12 ozs.
Each ball packed in a polythene
bag and includes an adapter.
Colours: White or Brown.
Prices: Size 5-10/-
also Size 4-8/-.



4 FRIDO SUPREME SIZE 5
Regulation size 5.
Weight app. 16 ozs.
Ball is supplied in a polythene
bag and includes an adapter.
Colour: Ball.
Price: 12/-.



FRIDO LIMITED VICTOR WORKS, HOULDsworth ST. REDDISH, STOCKPORT

Don't get caught without your **FREE**

water pistol

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Milky Bar Kid



Send for your **FREE** water pistol now by completing the coupon below and posting it with 2 x 7d or 4 x 3d Milky Bar wrappers to the address given.



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CAN YOU CATCH A CROOK?

THE CASE OF THE 'COOKED' PENNIES



When a man bears a grudge against another man, he usually does nothing about it. But when that man becomes unbalanced to the point of near-madness — his desire for revenge can become an obsession. John Raynor was a technician at the Atomic Station at Kirk Mallory, close to Manningham ...

JOHN RAYNOR HAD
A GRIEVANCE ...

RAYNOR, YOU ARE SLIPSHOD
AND NEGLECTFUL; YOUR TIME-
KEEPING RECORD IS BAD. IT
CAN'T GO ON. I'M GIVING
YOU A WEEK'S NOTICE!

BUT I'VE BEEN
HERE TEN
YEARS, SIR!

I'M SORRY, RAYNOR,
BUT MY DECISION IS
FINAL. THAT WILL BE ALL.

IN A FEW HOURS, THE HANDFUL OF INNOCENT-
LOOKING PENNIES HAD BEEN 'COOKED' INTO
LETHAL, RADIO-ACTIVE DISCS /

THREE DAYS
LATER ...

COOKING PENNIES!
WHAT'S THE IDEA,
JOHN?

HOW SHOULD I
KNOW? I SET MY ORDERS
THE SAME AS YOU! SHOVE
OFF!

WHEN RAYNOR HAD EXPLAINED
HIS CRAZY PURPOSE ...

BUT YOU CAN'T SPREAD
THAT HOT MONEY ROUND
MANNINGHAM, DAD!
YOU'LL HURT A LOT
OF INNOCENT
PEOPLE!

I KNOW WHAT I'M
DOING, BRIAN! ALL I
WANT IS TO GET LASCELLES
INTO TROUBLE!

NEXT MORNING ...

RAYNOR HADN'T TURNED UP THIS MORNING,
SIR. HE ARRIVED ALL RIGHT YESTERDAY,
WHEN I SPOKE TO HIM. HE WAS 'COOKING'
SOME PENNIES IN THE FURNACE ...

WHAT! I CERTAINLY
DON'T AUTHORIZE HIM TO
'COOK' COINS IN THE FURNACE!
THIS IS A MATTER FOR
THE POLICE!

BRUCE AND PRIOR WERE
ASSIGNED TO THE CASE ...

THOSE COINS WILL BE
DANGEROUSLY RADIO-ACTIVE.
IF THEY EVER GET
INTO CIRCULATION ...

I UNDERSTAND,
SIR. I'LL CHECK
UP AT RAYNOR'S
HOME.

BUT THEY WERE
TOO LATE ...

HE WENT OUT EARLY
THIS MORNING, BUT I THINK I
KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE. YOU'LL
FIND THE BOX ON THE BACK PORCH.





Were you as smart as
Bruce? Check below and
find out:—

1 Bruce has seen the patch of
newly-dug earth in the garden,
the spade, and the
imprint of the canister in the
soil. It all pointed to one
conclusion. Someone had
buried the radio-active
pennies in the garden. But who?

2 The broken piggy-bank sup-
plied the missing link. Obvi-
ously Brian Raynor had
replaced the 'hot' pennies with
harmless ones. He had
to do it in a hurry—hence
the broken piggy-bank.

JOKERS' PAGE

FROM: P. TUSTIAN, WOODFORD HALL, RUGBY.



WIN 10/-

Have you made up a joke? If so, print it on a postcard, add your name and address, and drop it in the Eagle's slot. EAGLE/SWIFT
66 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
10/- will be awarded for each joke published. The two jokes are the first to be published will be chosen. Remember, it must be your own joke, and not copied.

IMPORTANT: Fill in the coupon below and post it on your postcard.

MY FAVOURITE FEATURE IN
EAGLE/SWIFT IS—

THE FEATURE I DON'T LIKE IS—

MY AGE IS—

FROM: J. GOUGH, CLAPTON
PARK, LONDON E.S.



FROM: R. HOWLETT,
DOVERCOURT, ESSEX.



FROM: R. DAVIES,
LEDBURY,
HEREFORDSHIRE.



FROM: R. DAVIES,
LEDBURY,
HEREFORDSHIRE.

NOW...WALL'S NEW SUPER Z BAR

Chocolate
Coated
vanilla top!

6d

NEW!
Orange flavoured
water ice!



GET THESE 3 BIG THRILLS WHERE YOU BUY YOUR WALL'S!



GOING FISHING



LAST week we were discussing landing nets and how important it is to have them. Well, it is also important to use them correctly. Use them wrongly and the fish may get away. And you can't count a fish as caught unless you have it on the bank! How can you bungle the landing of a fish? Easy. I've seen it done lots of times;

IT'S A FACT!

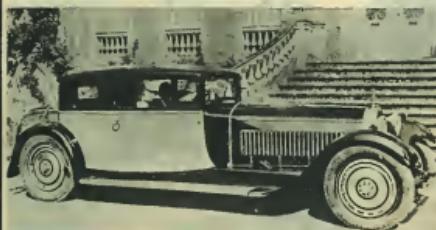


Actor Gary Cokrell is beginning to feel that success in films depends as much on the capacity of his mouth as on his acting. His latest film, *FEAR*, has featured a role in *SOOTHIE-FEX'S MAN IN THE MIDDLE*, he had to eat a banana during an important scene with Ronald Mitcham. When asked the demands for perfection by director Guy Hamilton and the need for extra angles and retakes, Cokrell commented: "I had to eat so bananas in the day's shooting. 'My only consolation,' he said, 'is that it isn't nearly as brutal as the time, a few years ago, I had to drink ten pints of beer during a scene with James Mason.'"

The 'New York Sunday News' of 10th November, 1957, had a total of 636 pages! The cost - about 2 shillings.

The gramophone record of 'White Christmas' has sold over 20 million copies! Bing Crosby's version alone has sold 9 million. That puts even the Beatles to shame!

A Dutch firm recently printed a book measuring one-sixth of an inch square. It had twenty pages and was bound in soft leather. On the first page, the Lord's Prayer was reproduced.



Ettore Bugatti built many fine cars in the 'twenties and 'thirties, but the most famous of them all was the *Bugatti La Royale*. It was the largest road car ever made - 22 ft. long and with a 7 ft. long bonnet. The powerful 8-cylinder engine had a capacity of 12,760 c.c. (15 times the size of a mini-car)! Seven La Royales were built in the late vintage era, of which six are still in existence.

You rarely get the fish that way and often as not drive it into renewed frenzy and a sudden burst of effort so that it slaps the hook or smashes the line.

Or perhaps the mesh of the net gets caught on the hook half in and half out of the water before the fish has fully played out. A fisherman can do it or you can find yourself in one of those moments when a fish is half in the net. If no full comes at first, don't worry. Carry on the fight.

SIMPLEST METHOD

The right way and only way to use a landing net is also the simplest. You place it in the water before the fish has fully played out. A fisherman can do it or you can find yourself in one of those moments when a fish is half in the net. If no full comes at first, don't worry. Carry on the fight.

PNEUMATIC POWERED TRAIN



To give some idea of size, a cross-section of the guard can be seen standing in the foreground of the illustration of the railway carriage.



SYDENHAM, in Kent, might have other claims to fame, but the one which really stands out is its claim to being the only town in the world ever to have had a railway powered on the pneumatic principle. Although not very long - 600 yards to be exact - and only open for a few months, the system of transport created a great stir among the engineers of the world. It was 1884, and for months a giant metal tube had been taking shape.

At either end of the tube was constructed a large funnel 40 feet across at its widest point. Into these fitted what must have been the biggest propellers or fans in the world. Steam engines followed, until it could be seen that these were the power the fans. A part of one steam engine is shown in the illustration. The tube was also fitted with a fitting capsule or carriage running on guide rails top and bottom. The doors led to the interior containing 30 plus seats. For once the train was a train with windows and lit with a few smelly oil lamps.

AIRTIGHT SEAL

Once the 30 passengers were inside and sealed, the doors were closed on the capsule and then those on the outside tube making contact with the doors were closed and sealed to the other end of the 'railway' and the fan started. As it gathered speed, it started to draw air out of the tube. Because the carriage itself was close fitting, very little air could pass it, and so it started to move along the rails.

Precisely the same principle is involved when you suck through a straw. Because no air can get into the straw, when you draw the straw starts to move into your mouth. So the train gathered speed until it was able to do the 600-yard journey in under a minute! It was stopped by reversing the fan and automatically running

HORIZON UNLIMITED

Liebling told us he'd be bringing up-river. That must be Liebling now...

"And he'll be bringing it in to the bont-house when he hears those gunshots," Sam said. "Heck, kid, if we could grab that launch we'd be in it..."

"**B**UT Liebling will be punning for us, kid," Theo said. "It's going to need both of us to tackle him, and someone's got to hold off those buzzards up the slope..."

He looked at Shamrock Kelly. The little man was smiling. He cocked his head and the tommy-guns opened up the slope. The air was filled with bullet-pinged chips from the window frames. The smile on the old face was perfectly happy.

Thirty years ever since the good old days. Chicago. You could hear those sounds again, the ex-gangster said. "You know, the hammer of those guns, the sigh of spent slugs, the whine of rico-

chet. I've got to hand it to that Tony Milano. He sure knows how to make a killer feel at home."

He came across to Theo and reached up and took the tommy-gun from him. "I'm gonna be a killer," he said, "but I'm gonna be a killer boy, I'll hold off Tony and the other hoods."

Theo and Sam turned away. They heard Shamrock Kelly's gun opening up with a hand cluster bullet as they ran along the slipway. When the gun cut off they heard the old man singing.

THEY had misjudged the darkness of the launch. It was almost alongside the landing stage, less than ten yards away, when they burst out from the darkness. The gun. The man had hidden in the cockpit and had the barrel of his Luger trained on them.

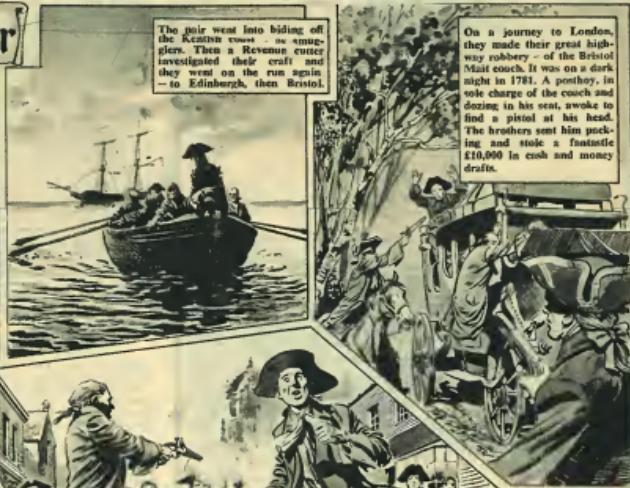
The voice shouted harshly: "I'm warning you! Don't move, or this thing goes off!"

They froze with fear first, and then with slow, drowsy disbelief. For the voice was the voice of Plugg...



Stand and Deliver

The greatest haul by highwaymen was made by the brothers George and Joseph Valentine in 1731. They were captured before taken to highway robbery. George escaped the hangman by only three days when his brother helped him break out of jail.



The brothers adopted fake names and went on a magnificient spree. But the Bow Street Runners were hot on the trail, armed with nothing but little clues, including one that George had a deformed thumb-nail.



The pair went into hiding off the Kentish coast - as smugglers. Then a Revenue cutter mistook them for craftsmen when they went on the run again - to Edinburgh, then Bristol.

On a journey to London, they made their great highway robbery - of the Bristol Mail coach. It was on a dark night 1781. A pothole, in sole charge of the coachmen, caused the horses to stop to find a pistol at his head. The brothers met him pecking and stole a fantastic £10,000 in cash and money drafts.

It was that thumb-nail which eventually trapped the brothers. Though they travelled up and down the country and even went abroad for a spell, they were eventually arrested, charged, and, after a running battle, captured to stand trial. They went to the gallows together in 1782.